

of liberty, of love, and death, will prevent the loss to the world of those still unpublished. Mr. Cameron is another of the gifted sons of Nova Scotia, who have reflected honour on their native province and on the Dominion. The incidents of his life are few. He was born at New Glasgow in 1854. He spent some years in Boston, and wrote much for the American press, as most Canadians have to do who wish to gain the ear of the world. He entered as a student at Queen's University, Kingston, in 1882. His struggles through doubt to faith are illustrated in his poems. But he reached at last the firm foundation, other than which no man can lay; and Principal Grant, in his graceful review of his poems, tells us, had in view the Christian ministry. But his ministry was to be almost wholly one of song—a summons to high thought, to love of liberty, of beauty, of truth. One is struck with his burning hate of oppression and wrong wherever it exists, and with his passionate sympathy with the struggle for freedom everywhere—in Cuba, in Russia, in France, in America, in Ireland.

O'er all God's footstool not a slave  
Should under His great glory stand,  
For men would rise, swift sword in hand,  
And give each tyrant to his grave,  
And freedom to each lovely land.

When all Boston was fawning at the feet of the grand Duke Alexis Romanoff, this stripling of twenty indignantly exclaims:

Hath he shown a contempt of the wrong?  
Hath he shown a desire of the right?  
Hath he broken the strength of the strong,  
Or supported the weak with his might,  
That to meet him and greet him ye throng?

In his hate and scorn of the despotism of Russia he cries out:

Blow winds of heaven! in all the broad land:  
Blow winds of God! in all the broad sea:  
Blow, till the sceptre is wrung from the hand  
Of the tyrant and earth is free. . .  
Man is the noblest created thing.

The late Czar, trampling with iron feet the liberties of the struggling principalities of South-eastern Europe, especially calls forth his biting sarcasm and indignation:

Yea, Czar of every Russia crowned!  
The meanest hind that follows plough,